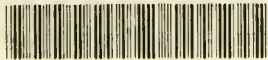


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SPEECH

OF

CHARLES ANDERSON, ESQ.,

ON THE

STATE OF THE COUNTRY,

AT A MEETING

OF THE PEOPLE OF BEXAR COUNTY, AT SAN ANTONIA, TEXAS,

NOVEMBER 24, 1860.



WASHINGTON:

PRINTED BY LEMUEL TOWERS.

1860.

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IV

SPEECH
OF
CHARLES ANDERSON, ESQ.,

IN REPLY TO
REV. DR. BORING,

DELIVERED

NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

Mr. Anderson being loudly and generally called for, came forward and addressed the audience in reply to Dr. Boring and upon the general question. As the speech and the occasion itself were wholly unexpected to him, of course it would be utterly impossible for himself or any one else to recall it in any subsequent report. With many things, doubtless, omitted and others now inserted, and some points elaborated upon, the following will be found in substance, a correct report of his remarks:

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

I trust that, in answering this general and most unexpected call, it will not be thought out of place for me to follow the example of my friend, Dr. Boring, and say a few brief words of the speaker, as a preliminary to the speech. Not that, of myself, I am of the least consequence in such a controversy. For, as I look upon the stupendous issues, which have convened this large assembly, we are nothing and less than nothing—the merest chaff in the wind—only the dust of the balance in the comparison. But I do think it well enough, to say as much of myself, as my reverend friend has said of himself, in order properly to interpret and translate my views and sentiments, upon questions so exciting and so liable to misinterpretation. Like him, then, I too was born and reared in a slave State, and early became attached to its people and institutions. But, unlike him perhaps, circumstances peculiar and personal, in a rather wandering life, had caused me to pass many years in the North. To this fact it is, that I attribute my supposed ability to consider all these questions with somewhat more experience and impartial moderation, than he and many others may be able to bestow upon them. It is the more necessary, too, for me so to explain myself, because I stand now before you, a new comer to your State—a stranger in your midst, with no partizan or sectarian alliances to back and sustain me, and with no helps or influences to lend extraneous power to my words. I am only furnished with that power, which a simple and sincere purpose to declare the truth, and which the truths that, in the sequel, I may be enabled to show to you, lends to any private citizen. For, I am not a

Methodist preacher, nor a Presbyterian preacher, nor a preacher, or priest, or layman, of any persuasion or denomination. And I trust in God I never shall be, if I should be thereby compelled to forget my love for my whole country. Alas! for me, sinner that I am, I have in truth no religion, except that earnest and ardent devotion to the Union of these States and my native land, in which I was nurtured from my birth, and which I shall take with me to my grave. I cannot, then, superadd to my facts and arguments, the weight of any church or association, much less that vast weight which the very extraordinary mental abilities and moral influence that Dr. Boring brings into this arena of debate. Few men anywhere equal that gentleman in the clearness and depth and breadth of his intellect, and the force and directness of his logic; the simplicity and intelligibility of his diction; his scientific and scholarly attainments, or in that imposing moral influence over his audience, with which such qualities always arm a speaker, who obviously has an honest, earnest, ardent heart. I have often been a witness to these powers and qualities of this gentleman in his pulpit. And we have all seen and felt them in this discussion.

But there is one thing I can do as well as other men. I can speak plain, straightforward truths, when I know them. And, as I have had occasion and the courage often before this, in the northern States, to audiences as large and as heated by partizan and sectional passions, as you are on this momentous occasion, to utter most unwelcome truths of fact and warning, so do I now and here make bold to tell you to your faces, what I know or think of the rights, interests, duties and *faults* of the South, and in all this now dreadful matter. My friends, this is by no manner of means the first time that I have discussed these high and solemn themes. Then, however, they were in the distance of apprehension. Now, alas! alas! thanks only to the madness of sectional parties, they are frightfully near and instant upon us.

"We have truly fallen upon evil times." A meeting of American citizens is here solemnly convened, seriously to discuss and decide the further *existence* of our blessed Union! And has it indeed come to this? Has the madness of faction, the virulence of fanaticism, at last reached this point? Have sectional partizans finally *dared* to make, or devise, an assault upon this beloved and most glorious Union, which our Fathers of the South and the North shed their united blood to cement and establish; which our Mothers blessed in the earliest prayers of their infancy; which nurtured and protected our first and best years, and which, under God's providence, is, I trust, destined to be to our children's children, to the latest generations of mankind, the very greatest boon and blessing which human minds and hands ever planned and executed, or the Divine Will has permitted. Oh! may it stand, my friends, as deep in the earth and high in the Heavens as the grandest mountain; as wide and glorious as "old ocean," and as all enclosing and vitalizing to its generations as the circumambient air! Whilst ever these fair, blue and bended skies, with their kindling lights of day and night, shall surround our earth, oh! may this dear Union of our native land—the next most wise and pure and grand of all the creations—alike continue to encompass us and ours *forever*.

But now, alas! we are "calmly and deliberately" assured, from the pulpit of the Law and Gospel—by no frothy, shallow demagogue of politics—accursed politics!—by the lips and tongue of a man really wise, pious and honest—that this vast fabric has crumbled; "that the Union is already dissolved." We are informed, as a fixed and certain fact of history, that

our national destiny is fulfilled; that, like dead leaves on the wind, our Institutions have drifted away into the past forever; and that we are not here assembled to consider of their further existence or perpetuity, but to divide their spoils and take administration of the effects. Whilst we were so entertained—with the vast and various thoughts and feelings and images of horror that trooped, thronging through my brain and heart, thrilling me with chilliness from scalp to soles—there was always mingled one sad and dreadful picture; the children of one loving mother—a mother hale and well, though not happy, with the bloom yet in her fair cheek, the lovelight in her calm eyes, a grey hair only here and there silvering with a single thread her radiant locks—God bless the mother that bore us!—the daughters born of such a mother, circling in a conclave over a plan of matricide and “the parting of her raiment amongst them.” And yet, in all this mingled tide of sudden and new emotions, whilst he so calmly spoke, there came to me no flush of fiery anger; no choking of bursting indignation; no throb for instant vengeance. A deep and bitter grief—a most melting pity and sadness—filled me, until I thought I could weep—weep tears of blood—to see such treason in such men.

The Doctor introduced what he called the moral aspect of this question, by saying that the slavery question had led to a perversion of Bible doctrines, and narrating the history of the separation of the Methodist Church into Northern and Southern, and his own agency in it. And during this portion of his remarks, I could but wonder and ask myself—a question I have no right to ask him—it must lie in the silent recesses of his own heart, and under the eye of his God alone—“Is it possible, that the theological hates, which that sectarian division, proverbially the bitterest animosities, except sectional, of which the human heart is capable—is it possible that the gangrene of this old sore of the Methodist Church, North and South, still disturbs the even working of a mind so wise, and of a heart so good? How else can we account for his appearance and his course here?”

Let me proceed, however, in this most painful duty. The dissolution of our Union being concluded, accomplished—what did the gentleman next propound? He announces the question, what now ought to be the next step of our State? Shall she re-establish her separate independence under her “Lone Star” government, or attach herself to the new Southern Confederacy—already established, I suppose? To this trivial question, the Doctor having Georgia for his “country,” of course advises against the “Lone Star” experiment. That is too expensive. Besides, (I trust I may add,) it was not in the South Carolina programme. As for myself, where the best is unbearable, I can make no choice or recommendation. By the way I see several blue cockades on hats and lappets around me. Are they emblems of the *present* Lone Star experiment—present whilst that high and bright banner of beauty and glory—our banner of stars and stripes—gaily ripples out all its bright stars to the admiring eyes of men and angels, or defiantly flaps its broad stripes in the face of every foe. “Our flag is still there!” (pointing to the proud banner over the Menger Hotel—amidst greatest cheering and enthusiasm.) But your *Lone Star*—where is it? We well know its place in history. It was once an emblem of truth, courage, fidelity, honor, not treason. But in nature there are no lone stars. They cluster and constellate. The *ignis fatuus* (the Jack-o-lantern) only floats o’er fens and flats, pale, sickly, feeble, flickering, delusive sham of *real stars*. The historic Lone Star of Texas paused not in her dark solitude, but yielding to the life-like, divine impulse within her, towards

the great central luminary—our Constitution—she darted upwards with the speed of a comet and the power and brightness of the imperial Jupiter, to unite with that—our constellation—no more a *lone* star—but one of the celestial flock, smoothly and sublimely wheeling and rolling her bright orb in her proper sphere of use and of glory. And *there* she floats in yonder sky! Let us descend, however, from these heavenly flights, to borrow some earthly lessons from her independant career. I will not describe it at length. To be brief: It was very full of “honor,” but dreadfully poor. Utter insolvency was the price she paid for solitary grandeur. And if she had been left a *lone*, [A voice in the crowd—“she would have died from starvation.”] Starvation? my dear fellow—her carcass would have been so poor and thin, that these *Mexican* buzzards would have scorned the pickings! Let us hear no more then of these lone stars and blue cockades. And, as to *blue* cockades, are they of this age any better or less treasonable than were the black cockades of the Yankee treason in the last generation? I pause for a reply.

Secondly, [to follow the heads in their order.] The Union being now dissolved and our Texas interest and honor—not pointing again towards any more Lone Star sky-larking, but to the Southern Constellation—the next question is: Has there been sufficient cause for such dissolution of our Government. The answer to this interesting speculation is an easy *yes*. For these reasons. First. That the North, as a solid people—when the issue was the existence of slavery, in the platform of the Black Republican party, and in the commitments of their candidate, Abraham Lincoln—have elected him President of the United States, over the South, as a minority. I endeavor to give the substance of the gentleman’s propositions. I hope I do not misrepresent him. And now, permit me, in all possible courtesy and kindness, to the reverend gentleman—for I now repeat I am perfectly assured, that he is perfectly honest in this misunderstanding of the facts—let me say with firmness, however, *that this is not so*. The gentleman is mistaken. Southern presses and southern demagogues have so often repeated these statements, (Mr. Keite amongst the rest—in his late very able, eloquent and treasonable letter,) that I do not wonder at such a mistake by readers and hearers. But *the record is not so*, as I read it. Nor is there any use in continually making that party worse than it really is. It is bad enough, God knows. I am the last man in this nation to set up any defences or palliations for that execrable party. I have personal reasons—superadded to public grounds—for hating it in its organization, material and leaders, such as no man here has, I know. Nevertheless, facts are facts. And for me, I will never stand silent, hearing my worst enemies so untruly abused, *when that error of statement is made a pretext for dissolving this Union*. Misrepresentation of the record of the Black Republican party, and of Mr. Lincoln, becomes a wholly different matter, than injustice to them, for which I care nothing. It is a question touching an interest far higher and nobler than any man or any party—the Union of these States, for which I care everything. Accordingly and formally, I deny these propositions. There is in the Republican platform no assertion of a right, by the President, Congress, or the National Judiciary, nor by the northern States or people, to abolish or interfere with the institution of slavery in the States. On the contrary, these powers are distinctly disclaimed and denied. There is indeed an assertion of such powers in Congress, in reference to slavery in the territories. This is a very different question. It is a question of grave doubts with many candid minds

of all sections. As for my single self, I am free to say that I differ wholly from the Republican doctrines; whether as to the equity of the case or its constitutionality. But I see no cause in this creed of party for dissolving the Union. I never shall see it until some one can make me see the profound wisdom of Æsop's dog on the bridge, who dropped his real meat to snatch at the illusory shadow.

Nor is it true, in the next place, that Mr. Lincoln, either before his nomination or between that event and the election, has ever said, written or printed, so far the public knows, any such claims of duty or power, for either government or people, as is here alleged. On the contrary, all we know of his record or opinions on this question of slavery in the States, is also a disclaimer and denial. And whilst the Congressional record shows his constant vote was against the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, it is a notorious fact that after all the efforts of the Abolitionists, during the campaign, to cajole or dragoon him into a recantation of that vote, he has steadily refused. And all we know of his principles since the election, is statements in the papers of his repeated declarations, that he will faithfully execute the fugitive slave law, and that he would not attempt to interfere with slavery in the District of Columbia, nor with the inter-State slave trade. So much from these records. Nor, again, is it at all true, as a matter of fact, outside of the record, that the campaign in the North was conducted upon a public or general understanding, that the existence of slavery in the States was the issue in this election. On the contrary, you may take up any northern papers you please, and you cannot fail to see that such was *not* the understanding of the question in issue. [A voice in the crowd—"We want no more of these Black Republican arguments."] They are not Black Republican arguments. They are the simple truths, used and used alone, to prevent you and your confederates from misrepresenting them, in order to deceive and inflame the mind and hearts of southern men, as to their being cause for dissolving the Union. Nor am I coward enough to fear such taunts and to prevent me from boldly denouncing such statements, when used for such unholy purposes. I have, I say, met and resented such assaults in other crowds, where to defend your rights, required, at least, real manhood. Any demagogue—the shallowest of your candidates for Congress—will be very brave and zealous for your rights, whilst in our midst. Would he, if in the thick of your enemies? Will he tell you of your faults and follies?

Nor *lastly* on this head, is it all true, that the northern people, as one body, actually elected Mr. Lincoln. And how amazing this error will appear, when I state that the latest calculation of the returns shew, that, instead of our having no friends and all enemies in the North, ready "to march their sectional army down here, cutting our throats and burning all our dwellings," as is alleged—there were in the free States, actually, 400,000 more votes polled against Mr. Lincoln, than the entire vote of *all parties in the slave States!* What an astonishing difference, between the facts of actual figures and the figments of a heated or diseased imagination! And let me here add—what a stupendous infatuation—insanity—must that be in a people, thus to throw away such a tremendous army of allies and friends, and in such positions, too, that you may well know them for your friends, tried and true—and to change them all—upon the very verge of a civil war most bloody and endless—into sworn, public, implacable enemies? Alas! for human nature! It is the invariable law of all quarrels, (whether between individuals, families, neighborhoods, States or *sec-*

tions,) that they never quarrel long, without each becoming, by turns, in the wrong. In this, our sad series of controversies, it is indisputable, that the northern people were the first and the volunteer aggressors in an affair, both injurious to the interests and dangerous to the peace of the South, and which was in no respect their business. In such case, violent, indignant, revengeful feelings on your part is but natural, and, I think, right. Still, I do not think it wise, if it is natural, for us to commit suicide on its account. Nor is it my purpose or your interest *on this occasion*, at least, that I should follow the northern example and either devote myself to the very easy task of denouncing the absent, or to a free confession of *their* sins. I am sure it is far better, in such a meeting as this is, to attempt to allay your angry passions and to mention to you, chiefly, your own share in this series of mutual errors. Other speakers will gladly enough avail themselves of *any* opportunity, (whether feast or funeral,) to pursue the more congenial course of lashing themselves and their *present* audiences into a dangerous fury against a *distant* enemy. But this task is not to my taste.

The second of the causes which are alleged to justify secession is, that ten of the eighteen free States have enacted penal laws, nullifying the fugitive slave law, and that their State courts have sustained and enforced them. And most true is it—it is indeed a lamentable and horrible truth—that such nullifying and treasonable laws have been passed by these States. And here, again, I trust I may be allowed to say for myself, that I have taken the most public possible occasion, and in the North, freely to utter and largely to publish my unrestrained execration of this insane and infamous legislation. I hope this assurance will excuse me for omitting to repeat those execrations at this time and place. But it is, I say, sadly true, that Massachusetts and these other northern States have followed the bad example of South Carolina, and are just as guilty as ever she was in her worst crimes. But here, too, let us again stop in our censures, as causes for secession, at the line which divides the true from the false. And, once more, it is *not true* that the northern State courts have sustained and enforced these null and void legislative dead forms. On the contrary, again, so far as I have been able to learn, no case of conviction and punishment has taken place under them. And the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, (where Lincoln's majority is 70,000,) by the lips of that venerable judge, Chief Justice Shaw, has decided to be unconstitutional this "personal liberty bill," (as, with their usual puritanic cant and hypocrisy, they call this legislative proceeding,) and the fugitive slave law to be expressly constitutional and in force. Whilst in Wisconsin—that next darkest corner of pseudo-philanthropies and novel humbugs—when the Legislature (I believe it was) had turned out of his office a Supreme Judge, for sustaining the fugitive slave law, he appealed to the people, and was actually re-elected over his anti-fugitive slave law opponent, and *on this simple, single issue*, by a majority of thousands in that small population. But it does not suit the ends of our agitators in politics to disclose such things to the southern people. They are not sufficiently inflammatory for the requisite disunion beats. And still further, (in this, our process of eliminating some little good out of the great mass of northern misdeeds,) Millard Fillmore, as President of the (still) United States, thank God! did, by our national forces and authorities, from the great city of Boston, the very heart and centre of that now disgraced State, with its crazy State-house in chains, and when it was a *test question*, seize, try, adjudge, convict, and drag home and deliver to his lawful and pro-

owner one of these same fugitive slaves. Here, again, is an unpleasant, dull, common-place proceeding too tedious for southern extremists to remember. Instead of *such* acts in either section being employed in the other to help allay mutual animosities, and to restore that repose and quietude so essential to the healing of any wound, but so indispensable now to the southern interests, why, what do we find? simply, exclusively this: The "Extremes" in sectional passions and prejudices in one section see, hear, publish, and remember only the disagreeable, unkind, and criminal conduct of their correspondent party in the other section. Thus do the Abolitionists of the North gather and garble only such exceptionable facts, or manufacture, with a skill and rapidity which puts to shame a Lowell factory, only such out-and-out lies about slavery as will magnify their own virtue, piety, and other excellencies in Congress. And, not to be far behind the rival fanaticism of the North, thus, in like manner, do our fanatics and hypocrites (for God knows we have both) perform a correspondent office by deceiving and inflaming the South. Why, if the secessionists and the Abolitionists had been for years and years past (like England and France in the Turkish-Russian war) bound together strongly and faithfully under a written treaty of alliance, of offensive and defensive, they could not have more efficiently aided, abetted, and comforted each other than they have done, in fact and in truth. I think that more than half of the members of Congress in South Carolina and Alabama, for twenty years past, have been actually "nominated" and elected in and by two small districts of the North—I mean Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the "Western Reserve," in Ohio. *I know* that Charleston and Columbia, South Carolina, have more than repaid their debts to the Palfreys, Sumners, Giddings, Chases, etc. in elevating them into their bad eminences. Indeed, I wonder that Wendell Phillips did not call to present his kindest regards, if not his most grateful affections, to Mr. Yancey, in his late visit to Boston. He is a Yankee ingrate if he did not, and in behalf of the entire Abolition party. So much of these mistakes when assigned as causes of disunion. [Here some gentleman in the crowd shouted "Hurrah for South Carolina!"] To which Mr. Anderson said: "My friend, God in his infinite, almighty mercy, may, by the last day, be able to forgive South Carolina for her sins. I cannot, I have not *that* charity. *She shouted over Lincoln's election, sir!*"

I cannot, however, pass this point in Dr. Boring's argument and advice without calling your special attention to how much of mere false pretext, as well as truth, exists in this outcry of losses by fugitive slaves to the cotton States. It must be obvious enough to any sensible mind that, in its nature, such chattel property always has had, has, and ever must have, this peculiar fugitive quality. Those of us who hold such property (I only wish I was rich enough to own a few more) must always enjoy its advantages under the *onus* of the certain, invariable, intrinsic disadvantages that black hands will forever hate work; that black legs will continue to disport themselves in this amusement "of running with their heels;" that they will hide themselves "through bush and through briar;" that thievish confederates, white, black, and yellow, bond and free, will aid, foster, and feed them in all countries; that "finding must always precede catching," and that no laws on earth ever did or will be able to punish all offences, or to remedy all losses. Wherefore, it no more follows that all the escaped slaves are chargeable against the northern States, as governments, nor against the loyalty of all the northern people, nor even their majorities, nor of any large number among them, than that our own State governments and societies

shall be dissolved for *their* inefficiency in protecting these and similar rights and interests. Nor is this all—for I must continue to tell you these disagreeable truths—the States that lose fugitive slaves, in or by the free States, are exactly the only States that *do not* clamor for dissolving this invaluable national Government for the sake of the small per cent. of their runaway negroes. They are, in the order of their losses, Kentucky, Maryland, Virginia, Missouri, and Tennessee. Whilst the States which foam at the mouth about fugitive slaves lost, by the action of northern Abolitionists, are exactly the very States that suffer least of all—almost none—not one in a thousand. They are situated with hundreds of miles of other intervening slave States. They are South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Florida. The border States—losing themselves, *through this agency*, a very small per cent. of fugitives more than they would necessarily lose if there were not a free State or an Abolitionist on earth—do, actually, so lose hundreds of slaves to one lost by all these secession States. This much, then, for this pretext for disunion and this real evil and injustice. Now, what is the remedy for it, even if it were the proper affair of these “*King Cotton States?*” For they seem resolved to monopolize all the sovereign States’ right extant, even that of sacrificing the whole of their own people’s fortunes in a vain pursuit, after a very small shaving of the slaves belonging to the people of *other* States. Now, if (considered as a unit) all the slave States do annually lose many fugitive slaves by the seductions, connivance, or concealment of certain northern white men and free negroes, what remedy do these politicians propose? Why, disunion of these States. That is, they design to make all the free States, at once, into a foreign, if not an inimical country. How gradually or how speedily those grain-growing, “*servile,*” (not *King Cotton,*) but still slave States *along the border* will be compelled, by the progress of disastrous and swift-marching events, (amongst the others, a total depletion of their slaves by the wholesale hegriras which must *then* occur,) to join this same fanatic, free-State Confederacy, they do not pause even to consider. I presume they may expect the line of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri to be maintained *for the exclusive benefit of the “King Cotton States,”* together with sufficient numbers of these troublesome and expensive chattels, for this new nation of enemies to practice slave-stealing upon. And they may also require (in their high ideas of their *own* State sovereignty) that these border States shall also hold their own white throats convenient to be cut in the civil broils and international wars waged for the dear sakes of *Hesse* Alabama, *Schwartz* Mississippi, *Georgia Coburg*, and *Saxe* Texas, if our “*German fellow-citizens*” will take no umbrage at these uses of their father-lands of the Germanic Confederacy. What “*border*” for future protection to this interest against agitations and slave-stealing will these wise statesmen, Davis, Yancey, Keitt & Co., the successors and assigns of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Macon, etc., interpose between *King Cotton’s* negroes and the then Abolition nation? *Other* slave States, like the outside boy in a bed full of frightened urchins? A free desert? A twenty-five hundred mile line of forts and arsenals? A regular army of one or two millions of men? It seems to my poor politico-economical brains that all these are curious, if not expensive modes of saving losses from fugitive slaves, or of introducing slavery, as a *political* institution, into northern territories. However, I pretend not to statesmanship.

Let us return, however, to this novel and practical remedy for recovering slaves. No one denies that the South has regained *some*. I chance to

know that she has recovered a great many from these same regions, as they stand now within our Union and under this fugitive slave law. Now, can any one tell me, how many we have ever recovered from the Canadas and New Brunswick?—how many we shall recover from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, (*not to mention probable cases of other States eventually nearer home,*) when they shall be made, *by this very proposed Secession*, what Canadas now is, a Foreign Nation?—or how many more we will regain when they shall become, what Sparta was to Athens, what Connaught is to Cork!—what Berwick “*ayant the Tweed*” was to North Cumberland on this side—all border ruffians, brigands, minute men—retaliating, in an infinite series of inflammatory, bitter, and remorseless feuds, forays and depredations, which will soon culminate into a chronic general war and end in two absolute monarchies, with a pair of *masters*, (God knows, we shall all deserve and need them,) a northern Napoleon III, and a southern Santa Anna, it may be.

And this brings me to another view of this remedy, which is too dangerous to dwell upon—too horrible to think about. It were well, perhaps, if this general subject had not been introduced by the gentleman. But, no, *at this time*, it is too late to whisper, or to be silent, in this matter. If we are holding counsel over disunion—present or soon to come—we must—must—must begin to contemplate its necessary and its probable consequences. And now, then, in the alternative of *such* feuds and war as I have hinted, (and, which, in my opinion, will follow disunion as certainly and speedily, as any consequence its cause,) and, *if there were the semblance of truth in all these misrepresentations and exaggerations about the whole North*, what would be our preparation and fitness for this new era, which my Reverend friend invokes. The southern masters have been for a long time saying and swearing, at their breakfast tables, in their public speeches and through all their presses (what the gentleman says, in effect, here tonight) that, the whole North is united, for the purpose of setting our slaves free, to cut our throats, and to desolate and burn our homes. Will the slaves disbelieve—*before* or during these wars of disunion—what their masters so ardently believe and so madly resent? And, if this *were* true?—as thank God! it is *not*—Oh! what would be *our* condition—(here too am I with you and of you, for better or for worse—“even unto the end”)—Oh! what would then be our condition, who must march out, to fight the battles of our new confederacy against our now, brethren and friends, (millions of friends and brethren!) whilst our wives and little ones would be abandoned at home, to a multitudinous, household foe, which we ourselves will have been actually creating and inflaming for insurrections, conflagrations, murders and worse crimes. Could we *then* hold three millions of our slaves in their proper bondage and subjection with our left hands, whilst we should smite their pale faced allies with our right? And only reflect upon these certainties, or, if you prefer it, upon these probabilities, being sought out and braved for us, by our great men, in behalf of a contingent, future, abstract, possible (no indeed—an *impossible*) right to crusade and propagandize slavery, as a weight in the balance of political power into territories, in which the great Calhoun said the Isothermal law forbids it to go or stay; to defend the slaves and slave marts of the District of Columbia; to recover a miserable *per cent.* of fugitive slaves and to stop slavery agitations. Such are these complaints against the North—alas! but too grave and too well founded. And such are the means to be used

and the dangers to be incurred, and the ruin to be endured—if it be enduring—in this great Panacea of disunion.

And now, my fellow-countrymen, they talk, and talk truly too, of northern ignorance and fanaticism on this subject—but what ignorance, folly and fanaticism are here? For, I again repeat, *it is simply untrue*, that the whole people of the North, or armies or any material or numerous portion of them are ready or anxious or at all desirous, to march down here as allies to our slaves in insurrection. The slaves could never, “whilst this Union lasts,” have any such allies. A considerable portion, even of the Republican party itself—bad as are its principles and the basis of its organization—is not, in my opinion, anti-slavery. Unless you choose so to name all opposition to the repeal of the Missouri compromise, as well as those who only oppose slavery, as unsuited to certain latitudes, or who oppose its establishment north of 36° 30′, as a matter of compact and of the balance of political power. And the northern people as a whole, (except in petty cliques of fool-hardy madmen, like John Brown and his handful of felon followers,) have, in sober truth, *no such disposition towards the South*. *All this, then, is a simple slander upon the northern people*. And it is high time that some one should say so, in behalf of the “whole North” and of truth. But, it is yet more important for the South (on account of the monstrous influence of such false rumors and statements upon its own domestic peace) to understand and act upon the whole truth. And it is most important of all, that such errors shall not constitute one fatal delusion, upon which our people infatuated, may, as I have so often said, base an angry excuse for this grandest of all earthly ruins—the dissolution of the Union of these States. As for myself, I cannot, I will not, submit in silent submission, whencesoever or wheresoever I may hear them or any other delusions uttered or published, *with that unholy purpose*.

The next excuse which the gentleman formally and deliberately assigns for breaking up our Government, and society, too, (as I think,) is, that every petition presented for the abolition of slavery, in the District of Columbia, by all the squads and cliques of old women in pantaloons and petticoats, has *itself constituted such a violation of the original “compact” as will justify secession*. Can this be a serious proposition? Can a whole section, State or even neighborhood, be thus held responsible to the desperate point of its disorganization for whatsoever folly a small portion of its fools may say or do, in a free country, of their own mere notion or whim? This seems to me, really, too absurd for formal refutation. I am sure my friend, on reconsideration, would not insist upon this proposition as founded either in reason, *right*, or law. Nevertheless, the history of the District of Columbia excitement ought to furnish us grave matter for instruction and amendment. When those petitions first came in they were merely aimed at restraining the use of that District (the seat of national Government) as a common sewer-market for all the slave States, many of which had of themselves, long before, both regulated and prohibited such public sales of slaves within their own limits. This increased the nuisance—for such Mr. Clay and numbers of other southern slaveholders pronounced it as conducted on Pennsylvania avenue. The petitioners were at first few in number and small in influence. Instantly the hotspurs of the South—for every army has its fire-eaters—clamored for a rule to refuse *receiving* the petitions, the papers themselves. Mr. Clay again, with numbers of other Senators and Representatives from the South, counseled more moderation—advised that the “*right of petition*” was an hereditary English,

American, constitutional right, lying at the foundation of all free institutions; that the right to ask and the obligation to grant were wholly different things; that to deny the right to petition for anything, however trivial, absurd, and unconstitutional, was to give the signers the advantage of adding to one complaint, for which few cared—another, against a constitutional prohibition, which mankind must generally abhor. Accordingly they advised that the petitions should be received and referred to a committee, to report, briefly, “that Congress ought not to grant the prayer of the petitioners.” But Messrs. Rhett, Wise & Co. were wiser, however, than Henry Clay and his friends. They demanded a *new* rule, viz: that the petitions should not be received, read, or referred. They again and again, as they often do now, in order to frighten minds, called *Henry Clay, in speech and print, an Abolitionist*, and at last carried their point in the famous Acheson rule. The result you all know. It was as Mr. Clay had so distinctly forewarned them. From dozens the petitioners increased to hundreds, from hundreds to thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of men, women, children, dogs, and negroes, who first cared no more for the slaves or slave markets in the District of Columbia or South Carolina than for the man in the moon. Congress was for years flooded with these petitions for “the right of petition.” The public business was interrupted by debates upon them until we would have thought that there was no measure on earth of the least interest or value except the 21st rule. It was swept away in a whirlwind of popular indignation at the North, and of contempt at the South. Real Abolitionists were made by this experiment of shallow, conceited demagogues in statesmanship. The actual rights and the substantial interests of the South were madly staked, under frequent threats of disunion, unless their rule was maintained upon this miserable confusion of different and unequal principles—the true and the untrue—the right and the wrong—the constitutional and the unconstitutional. Now, I ask, has the South remembered this sad and mortifying lesson? Alas, no! As you have seen, some of your wisest and best men still urge the staking of your whole slave property *in the States, legally and securely held*, together with the Union itself, “the palladium of our safety,” against another 21st rule in the District of Columbia, or the right of some brother Kentuckian of mine to take his black mammy (nobody was ever foolish enough to go thither with any more valuable slave) to the bleak snow-plains of Kansas. And as to the alternative of secession, or of new guarantees assented to by the North, in all sincerity I must say that, though I would gladly cling to any, the most desperate hope for reconciliation of this terrible feud, I greatly fear, that when fresh guarantees are demanded of the other party they will bitterly remind us of the fate of the former compromises.

And thus has the South been continually and uselessly compelled by her politicians to diminish the number of her own friends in the North and to increase those of her enemies.

Is this forever to be so? Must the true, permanent, invaluable interests of the southern people, their lands, their slaves, all their property, personal and public, their peace, their patriotism, be forever made a sacrifice to mere politics, for the sole benefit of merest politicians? Will our southern statesmen—for we have yet a few statesmen left us—thus always continue to devote all their high faculties to the single end of propagating the faith of slavery for its diffusion simply as a political institution, and in soils and climates where neither King Cotton nor Queen Sugar can ever reign?

Or else must they ever, in dumb and cowardly silence, bend like willow wands, not stand like our sturdy live oaks, resistant to the storm of political excitement which they see our demagogues have raised by horrid pictures of northern aggression, part true and part false, and which they ceaselessly parade before the southern people? Are the private, personal interests, the daily business of the aggregate men, the millions of planters, farmers, merchants, and mechanics, who make up the people of the South, actually worthless in the scale against the salaries, and *per diem*, and mileage allowance of a few dozen members of Congress? Shall we wholly forget the millions of slaves, worth thousands of millions of dollars, held legally, safely, *unquestioned* in the States, to go full moon mad after a black wet-nurse in Kansas, or a Kentucky runaway at Niagara?

Lastly—but I am admonished, it is time for me to conclude—the passage of the Missouri Compromise and the agitation of the slavery question are intimated as causes justifying secession. As my sole purpose has been, in all that I have said here to-night, to endeavor on the verge of this stupendous crisis, (over which our highest and dearest interests of property, liberty and life are toppling,) to ask the patient attention of all parties, to those mistakes in the game of politics which the South has committed, and to their dreadful consequences, not for any purpose of censure of what is past and irrevocable, but of avoidance of similar errors in the future. It is better not to say what I think upon this matter of the repeal of that compromise. It is too recent, and too much identified with our own present party divisions, for me to discuss it without giving offence to some of you, and so dividing the friends of the Union in this meeting, who are from all the southern parties. Still, I trust I may be allowed to say without giving the least offence, that, since the repose given by the Compromise measures of 1850, the South is not wholly without blame for reagitating these dangerous questions.

Having declared the Union is already dissolved, and attempted to justify the dissolution by assignment of sufficient causes, Dr. Boring very ingeniously brings up in the rear *the question of the constitutional right to secede*. On this much mooted and really, very difficult question he is very clear and brief; and his argument is the best that can be made on that side. Yet, it is not satisfactory to my mind. "The same power that ties can untie. The equal, independent, Colonies, freely made this 'Compact.' They may freely and peaceably unmake it, for causes, *of which each State is to be the sole judge.*" Now, is it not obvious that all governments are based upon a supposed assent to the original compact? This argument would, therefore, make all others as much ropes of sand as our own. It by no means follows, with either peoples or individuals, that an *original* equality of freedom in *making* a compact of Union, must necessarily preserve and continue, in either separately, a constant power to dissolve it at its sole pleasure and exclusive decision. For instance: A man and woman have equal powers of assent or dissent in forming the matrimonial compact. But, *after* they are united in the holy bands, does the gentleman's creed of Christianity, or his theory of the law, allow the one to divorce the other whenever she may grow a little red in the face with vexation? Is either the husband or wife, or any party in a trading firm, the sole judge of "the mode and measure of redress?" My friend says the colonies were equal, and he leaps, in his history, from colonies to this Union. But, what was the actual progress of these events? If I have read my horn-books aright, there was *an intermediate experiment* of some six years' trial. The colonies, after gaining their independence of

Great Britain, actually made this very experiment of being purely *sovereign States* and *independent of each other* in a mere confederacy. And it proved a dead, out-and-out, failure! Wherefore, we are solemnly assured in the very preamble to our noble Constitution, in its very first words,—“We, the *people* (not the colonies, nor the States by name, but overlooking them,)—“We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more PERFECT Union,” &c., &c., “do ordain and establish this *Constitution*, (not enter into articles of confederation merely.)

The whole question in the case, then, is not what the colonies or States of the Confederacy *might have done*. Certainly they might, if they had so chosen, have: firstly, remained as separate as France and England; secondly, or have entered into a league or confederacy like the Achaian League of Greece, or that of the German States. On the other hand, will any one deny that they likewise had the power to have wholly abolished all their old Colonial lines, and reformed them all into one single State, as completely a unit as is France; or, again, that they then had the right and the power, not wholly, but partially to have surrendered their separate Governmental right; and, with the powers so granted, to have established the Constitution of another actual Government, (not “confederacy,”) whilst each, alike and equally, retained certain and very important rights and functions within itself. And this last, in my poor opinion, is what they did in fact. Wherefore, being “ordained” in order to fulfil *all the highest and best ends of Government* (as is specified in this preamble) to ourselves and our posterity, it is by no means an engagement which any part of that people, or any State of that Union, can as lightly and easily “secede” from, as if the old Confederacy still remained, and as if “a more perfect Union” had not been “ordained and established.” To my mind, therefore, secession is what Gen. Jackson proclaimed it, only revolution.

I cannot—I have not the heart, if you had the patience—to discuss this other question of the ability or inability of our gallant little army to reduce the revolting States again to their proper sphere of duty and interest. I know well enough that neither the North nor any foreign Power could subdue the South. But in a general, common, complete ruin, what boots it—who shall be hailed victor? But, I cannot conclude, without calling attention to the prevalent idea of the Southern Confederacy being “protected” by England—God of Prophecy! was George Washington an inspired prophet? In his solemn, affectionate *Farewell Address*, he declares this very Union, or as he construes it, “the *unity* of government which constitutes you *one* people, the main pillar in the edifice of our *real independence*.” How wonderfully did he foresee all these dangers and results? It is scarcely proposed to shatter that “unity of government” and redivide it into its primitive fragments, than all “our real independence” lost forever!—do we instantly hear of an expected dependence upon our old tyrant, England, exclusively for our shipping; our manufactures; our merchandize; our market for our staples and a Navy. Alas! that “independent” States of our North American Union, should ever dream of crawling together with Honduras, the Belize, and the dis severed States of Central America, like a litter of timid whelps, with their backs all humped and their tails all tightly tucked between their trembling legs, around, behind, and under the British Lion—for “protection!”

No—no—never—never. Rather let us end as we began. Let us all look again on that banner of beauty and of glory. And, whilst ever the solid earth can sustain its flagstaff, or the sun cast light upon its emblems

of purity and power, or the air can stir a breeze to unfold, star by star, its full and glittering constellation. Whilst ever and wheresoever Americans of any generation shall have eyes to see it, hands to uphold it, hearts to love it, or hearts-blood to shed for it—Oh! may this flag of our Father's Union—our Union—its colors all clean and bright, the snowy white, the pure heart-blood red, and the unfading true blue of the azure sky,—no sister star bedimmed nor gone rayless and lost in outer darkness, our whole constellation complete. Oh! may it thus stand and remain the most loved and treasured legacy to our latest posterity, co-existent with the earth, the air, the very sun himself.

NOTE.—After Mr. Anderson had concluded, Dr. Boring asked him to say that he had said nothing of protection or a protectorate by Great Britain, whereupon Mr. A. arose again and told the audience that Dr. Boring had said nothing of the kind. Nor had he any allusion on this part of the subject to the Doctor but to a great many others, who do look and always have looked in that direction, upon the happening of this baneful event.





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Jan. Feb. 1988
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